

The Mafia 1041

Chapter 1041 Confrontation

Outside the ship, Vicente didn't wait for his enemies to attack him first. He raised one of his arms in the air and formed all 14 of his pentagrams, bringing out his best.

The enemy group had beings from the middle of the 8th stage, and they were from races he didn't know. In the dark about their abilities and how the effects of being at sea could make the fight easier for them and harder for him, he went in search of the deaths of these creatures.

As a Throne of Light and Darkness formed behind him, he pressed the weakest creatures in the area, low-level Grand Magus, using his magnetic powers.

The sea was not the best place for him to use his magnetic powers. The continent had a much higher concentration of metals than the sea, which naturally raised Vicente's proficiency with his magnetic powers.

He felt this in his skin as he found it more difficult to blow up the bodies of his enemies with his ability. However, he had several killing methods in mind and when he saw that one wouldn't work; he switched to a more appropriate one.

Although his attempt to kill the first opponents while the domain of darkness and light was forming in this area failed, he managed to stop the enemies from moving into ambush.

Soon afterwards, metal left his spatial ring and the sea itself, forming weapons that traveled through space by wormhole until they reached the first of those fish men pressured by his suppressive action.

The weakest were wounded, but to Vicente's surprise, his weapons managed to do no more than scratch off some of the strongest individuals he had acted against.

He frowned. 'Tsk! As I expected. They're strengthened in their natural habitat and I'm weakened...'

Giving up his magnetic powers, Vicente focused only on Light and Dark, elements that couldn't be weakened just because he was at sea.

Certainly, the fact that it was daytime weakened his darkness a little, but it strengthened his light just as much.

Several golden spears appeared in the air around Vicente, firing in sequence at the wreckage just in front of where he was floating.

Darkness spread using the protection of the light and as soon as the 25th second had passed since Vicente's action began, it covered the day and turned that area of the sea into a hell of darkness.

Shadow demons emerged from within the sea, attacking the creatures trying to escape Vicente.

They hadn't expected to find such strong targets that day. The group despaired of losing contact with the rest of their group far away, as they watched their enemy's figure grow as if he were the devil himself.

The forbidden entity, bearer of light and darkness, acted, using supreme darkness and light at the same time, blinding them as it attacked.

Vicente's body glowed so brightly that it seemed to have become a star, while the shadow devils continued to act, unaffected by the light generated by their own master.

But the glow from Vicente's body not only made the many fish men lose track of their surroundings, it also strengthened the light attacks even more, which finally broke through the vigorous defenses of his enemies.

The sound of pain from those first affected by him in this barrage of attacks hardly spread through the surroundings, given the noise of the monsters of darkness fighting against the fish men trying to use the sea to their advantage.

Some of them even used the large amount of water around them to launch counterattacks and try to escape, but after the first fell, the chances of the others plummeted.

Meanwhile, Vicente saw through his glowing body, feeling the power of his 7th pentagram. His latest pentagram could give him light abilities, including bringing daylight into even the darkest environments and strengthening light strikes.

The ability also gave its user an extremely resistant shell, capable of withstanding high-powered blows without posing a risk to its user. In fact, for a few moments, Vicente would be almost immortal. As long as he escaped within three seconds, even damage capable of killing him would recover.

It was no wonder that the name of the beast that gave him this pentagram was the Rebirth Butterfly!

Rebirth Butterfly didn't have that chance with Vicente back then, just as he wouldn't if he eventually failed to escape the threat capable of seriously injuring him after the 3-second time limit.

Today, however, was not the day for him to worry about this ability of his. He had killed 80% of the fish men in his path after making use of his 7th skill, feeling a heavy burden for spending the amount of mana needed to deal with so many Grand Magus at once.

As many times as he had fought individuals of such a stage, never before had he faced so many opponents simultaneously.

As he acted to take down the large number of pirates in front of him, he used up a great deal of his energy, learning in the process about their weaknesses and strengths in sea combat.

Those who didn't die ended up badly wounded. When Vicente's body returned to normal and the darkness of his domain gradually gave way to daylight again, his crew and he saw the situation of the survivors around the remains of a wrecked ship that had previously caught the group's attention.

Vicente sat on his throne, still visible in that place, and narrowed his eyes as he looked at the survivors, noticing that they had a line of communication with other beings that had remained out of their reach.

Vicente promptly destroyed that communication, giving the survivors no chance to send a signal or even to live much longer after witnessing what he had done.

With a shake of his dominant hand, Vicente used the darkness he had made to enter the bodies of those fish men, finally managing to blow up some enemies on his second attempt.

'I'm stronger, but obviously I have to get used to my current circumstances.' He thought as he checked the bodies of the enemies and the remnants in the surrounding area.

That really seemed to be the remains of a destroyed ship and not just a trap. Among the wreckage, he found some interesting items, which he took the trouble to collect in order to return to his ship and leave this area as soon as possible.

There was no time for Nan's group to collect those resources calmly. As soon as this fight was over, he returned from where he had left, already signaling the people on the ship to prepare for their hasty departure from the area.

Chapter 1042 Pursuit

As soon as Vicente returned to the ship's interior, the group set off, following his haste without really understanding what his powerful warrior was doing in such a hurry.

But as soon as the ship reached some speed so that the combat area was gradually left behind, the observers noticed several signals on their instruments, indicating vehicles or large living beings following them.

"We're being pursued. Enemies coming from the east," said one man in the command center of Nan's ship.

"Impossible! I don't see anyone coming from the east." An observer's voice sounded through the speakers in the command center.

Nan looked at Vicente with narrowed eyes, realizing that there was indeed someone following them. "What's this about?" she asked, not understanding why he had fled from the enemies now pursuing them.

"The submarine pirates from earlier weren't alone. They had a large group waiting for them nearby... I interfered with one of their communication attempts and found out their numbers," he said as he took a deep breath in his seat.

He continued, "Honestly, I could fight them and have a good battle. But it would be a competitive enough fight that I wouldn't be sure I'd win... And in the end, I'd be weakened in this dangerous sea. I preferred to run away."

"How many enemies are chasing us?" Hervi heard Vicente and asked the observers of the ship's sensor instruments.

"Seven vehicles, each of them bigger than our ship... Possibly a couple of hundred enemies."

The dwarf paled on hearing that, understanding why Vicente had preferred to follow a different path of final combat against his enemies.

"And they have more Grand Magus than the group I exterminated." Vicente laughed with a bitter smile on his face. "Let's get away with everything, or we'll be in trouble!"

Nan agreed with him, reinforcing Vicente's earlier requests for the group to speed up and stay alert for a naval battle!

The men moved their weapons and cannons into position, but they knew they were in a dangerous situation. Against small submarines, there weren't many ways for them to fight their opponents or even dodge enemy attacks.

They would largely have to rely on their own defenses and the speed at which their vessel moved!

"Didn't you get anything that might help us against them?" Larissa approached Vicente, thinking about the items he had quickly collected before returning to their ship.

Vicente hadn't had time to check these newly collected items and turned a fraction of his mana to the storage item in one of his hands.

Checking for valuable items, he came up with some interesting things, useful in the short term for his group.

"Indeed, there are a few things here that can help us." He summoned three items, making a bright green stone, a map, and a white staff appear in the air in front of him.

Nan flapped his small wings and approached these items, noticing the magical fluctuations of two of them.

"That's a Sea Heart of an intermediate level!" The fairy exclaimed in surprise at the sight of that green crystalline stone. "That could attract a ferocious sea beast!"

That's exactly what Prische informed Vicente's mind as he scanned the item, quickly finding a weapon against his enemies.

"We'll let the trail of this item slip secretly for a while. That will draw powerful creatures towards us." Minos laid out his escape plan. "When some powerful being is near us, we'll throw this item toward the enemies and let them become the targets of these creatures who will fight over the Sea Heart. We'll escape in the meantime."

The map he presented next to the Sea Heart had information about the territory of the nearby underwater tribes and, according to Prische's information, it would cover weeks of their travels. This was useful for the group and was soon on the hands of the crew's chief navigator.

The last item, the white staff, was an enchanted weapon with fascinating properties for them.

"This here will erase our tracks for those over three hours away from us."

Larissa's eyes lit up. As long as they could use it to their advantage and an eventual problem for their pursuers, they could leave these enemies completely behind.

Nan and his advisors agreed with Vicente's plan until, as expected, their boat was shot at the beginning of this escape from enemy attacks.

The enemies had the advantage of sight and position to attack them and soon launched their offensive to destroy the enemies who had wiped out one of their groups.

Everyone on Nan's ship felt the boat rocking, their defenses sensing the enemy's power. Fortunately, a single attack wouldn't be enough to destroy them.

"We have to hurry!" Vicente said as he used his powers to let the Sea Heart trail off the item, marking the path they were taking.

For creatures not so powerful, Vicente's act would be almost imperceptible. But for the powerful beings of the sea who could benefit from that item, its trail could be felt a long way from the item!

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Ten days later, at the bottom of the sea, somewhere between Light Cay and Amae...

A group of fish men were standing around the remains of several submarines at this very moment, where several bodies of their comrades were left behind, with the survivors seriously injured.

As these fish men felt the bitterness of having fallen for the tricks of their enemies, they now saw the powerful opponent who had destroyed them swim away with his shiny prize in his mouth.

Seeing their enemy, a powerful Sorcerer, leave them behind without bothering to eliminate them, one of the survivors crawled away, his eyes red with rage. But his anger was not directed at that 9th stage being, but at the leader of the enemy group they had been chasing for days.

"Damn earth beings!" he spat, his voice distorted by the water but no less filled with venom. Despite the extensive damage to his body, his life force remained strong, fueled by an overwhelming desire for vengeance. "I will take revenge for this tragedy, whatever the cost!" His vow echoed through the water, a promise to the vast, uncaring sea.

Another fish man, less injured but equally shaken, swam closer to the enraged survivor. "Senior, what shall we do now?"

"Hire the sea serpents! We'll put everything we have in the hands of an assassin capable of eliminating them!"

Chapter 1043 End of the Journey to Amae

After successfully escaping from the group of fish men who had pursued them earlier, Nan's crew traveled for months, exploring the difficulties and opportunities present in the Sea of Stars.

Fortunately for the group, the journey ahead turned out to be fruitful and with dangers not as terrible as those at the beginning of the journey, bringing them to the end of the route to Amae after long months at sea.

Some members of the group who were about to advance to the 8th stage entered the 1-Star of the Grand Magus stage during this period. One of them was Rex, who finally woke up from his hibernation to join the group on the last leg of the journey.

Larissa remained at the same level as before, but was now much richer, given the looting and collecting they had done over the last few months.

Now the entire group was becoming less concerned about the dangers of the journey to Amae and thinking more about what they would do once they reached the island.

Amae was experiencing an unstable situation, which would immediately affect Fairy Nan's group and, regardless of Vicente and Larissa's position, they would face, to some grade, the effects of the conflict on the island. That's what the group, including Vicente, were thinking at the start of their last remaining week's journey to Amae!

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The sun hung high in a cloudless sky, its warmth caressing the waves of the Sea of Stars with deceptive gentleness. It was the kind of day that typically beckoned sailors to the deck, to bask in the golden light and breathe in the salty air. The weather seemed to whisper promises of peace and tranquility, a siren song of relaxation that could lull even the most vigilant in a false sense of security.

But Nan's crew would not be fooled by the attractive signs of this dangerous Sea of Stars. They were only a week away from their destination, but the dangers on the way were still real. With one day left to enter the territorial sea of Amae, they could still suffer if they weren't careful.

The ship continued sailing completely enclosed, with its crew in position, a few members of the group resting, or studying their possibilities.

Vicente was working in a training room, using his forging skills to produce some items.

He continued to study and develop his skills in jousting and medicine, as well as meditating whenever he found the space. But he didn't do much of that over the months of travel. Dangers constantly appeared to annoy him and distract his attention.

At most, Vicente had managed to seize quick opportunities at specific moments and get minutes weeks into his professions.

But he was confident that within a short time of landing in Amae, he would have achieved what was necessary to be recognized as an Eighth Class Blacksmith and Healer.

As for his cultivation, he was on the road to the 2-Star level, with the aim of advancing to that level before leaving the island on the next phase of his journey.

This was a different goal from Larissa's, for example, who only intended to reach the 8th stage and get her eighth pentagram before leaving the island with her fellow sect member.

She was also a Blacksmith, so she was constantly chatting or observing Vicente's work, which is why she was there with him at the moment.

"Nan said that the blacksmiths of Amae are very different from those of Light Cay. Instead of relying on artificial methods to build stronger artifacts, her people's blacksmiths take a more spiritual and magical approach to forging. That's more like the method of Concordia, the place I came from." She said with an excited look at him.

Vicente understands Larissa's feeling. He was also looking forward to seeing alternative forging methods in Anicane, which could contribute to his growth as a magician.

"Don't worry, we won't be on Amae long, but we'll make the most of the island before we leave. That includes a visit to the groups of Eighth Class Blacksmiths on the island."

While they were talking, the ship suddenly seemed to hit an iceberg, causing the entire structure to move, while warning signals went off in every metal compartment of the vessel.

Vicente and Larissa were knocked off balance, with her slamming her face against one of his shoulders, while he was almost knocked backwards. But with his agile reflexes, Vice avoided the fall, while Prische informed him of what was happening.

'We're under attack, master. A high level 8th stage sea serpent is attacking the ship as we speak,' said the artificial intelligence in Vicente's mind, causing him to promptly change his expression.

Larissa went to apologize to her ally, when she saw the pale expression growing on Liam's face.

Before he left her, Larissa knew he was going to disappear and prepared herself to lose his support.

Liam traveled off the ship in a few moments, coming face to face with the actual situation of their group. An immense snake, as big as their own ship, was enveloping this vehicle, while its head faced the front of the vehicle, protected by magical barriers.

"Who are you? What do you want?" Vicente appeared below the defenses, fully aware that his group couldn't withstand this enemy's onslaught.

"Who I am doesn't matter," said the powerful voice of the sea serpent, showing an unusual willingness to speak in front of his prey.

But he had been hired to do this and did not fail to inform his victims of why they were going to die.

"I'm here on behalf of the group of fish men you directed to calamity. Some of them survived and paid me to eliminate you. Now, enjoy your last moments before the end."

As the serpent made its strange speech resound in the ears and minds of each of the travelers on that ship, it opened its enormous mouth, revealing the pink interior of its dark blue body.

Its large inoculating teeth were eye-catching, but they soon disappeared as a green ball of energy appeared in front of it, capable of blinding even the star in the sky behind its position for an instant.

An extremely strong corrosive power emanated from that creature's ability, making everyone, including Vicente, see that they would not escape before a decisive attack from this creature.

"Die!" It said before attacking!

Chapter 1044 Escape

Vicente's eyes widened in shock as the sea serpent launched its attack without warning, leaving them barely enough time to raise their defenses. In a heartbeat, his ship blazed to life, its maximum

defensive systems engaged. Simultaneously, a sphere of intermingled darkness and golden light enveloped the entire vessel, cloaking it in the power of Vicente's domains.

The air crackled with energy as Vicente's 14 pentagrams materialized, their forms solidifying against the backdrop of his protective sphere. In a flash, robots emerged from his spatial ring, transforming into defensive figures that surrounded their creator.

Vicente felt his body structure shifting, enhanced by the positive influence of his magnetic abilities. This transformation elevated him to a superior version of himself, ready to face the impending threat.

As the attack bore down upon them, Vicente's spatial manipulation and dimensional control skills sprang into action. Multiple wormholes tore into existence before him, a last-ditch effort to redirect the incoming assault.

Vicente's soul burned as he channeled an immense amount of mana, rapidly depleting his reserves in this desperate bid for survival. He could feel his power waning, but he pushed on, knowing that every fraction of a second counted.

The enemy's attack struck with terrifying force, its corrosive powers capable of annihilating beings far stronger than Vicente. The very seawater around them disintegrated, vaporized by the sheer destructive potential of the assault.

The great serpent watched with widening eyes as its attack tore through Vicente's defenses. The wormholes collapsed, the sphere of darkness and light dissolved, and the layers of armor and shields were eaten away by the relentless corrosive force.

However, as the attack neared the ship's final defenses and Vicente himself, the sea serpent's expression shifted from triumph to confusion. The power of its assault was weakening rapidly, its potency diminishing as it breached each successive layer of protection.

The ship's formations absorbed the brunt of the remaining damage, breaking one after another in a cascade of failing energy fields. Finally, the corrosive green essence reached the metal and glass components of the vessel, leaving sizzling scorch marks in its wake.

A portion of the enemy's essence enveloped Vicente's body, disintegrating his clothes but failing to inflict more than second-degree burns on his resilient skin. As the attack's fury subsided, Vicente stood firm, his defenses battered but not broken.

Despite his resilience, Vicente could no longer contain his agony. A long, harrowing scream tore from his throat as every inch of his skin seared with pain. He desperately clawed at his face, struggling to remove the corrosive essence from his eyes.

His vision blurred, the world around him becoming a hazy, indistinct mess. Through the fog of pain, he managed to discern the enemy's gaping maw, not far from where he stood. Behind him, the ship's exterior, though battered, remained impenetrable, its compromised defenses belying the safety of the crew within.

"Oh? Impressive!" The serpent's voice resonated not in the air, but directly in Vicente's mind, a clear provocation that cut through his impaired hearing. Blood trickled from his ears, a testament to the devastating attack he had endured.

"You survived my ultimate assault! Take pride, for you're the first in millennia to force me into a second attack!"

As these words echoed in Vicente's mind, the serpent surged forward. This time, it eschewed its previous tactic, opting instead for a more physical approach—its powerful jaws aimed to crush Vicente's battered body.

Despite his injuries, Vicente's survival instincts kicked in. With lightning speed, he scattered ritual items around himself, simultaneously downing a mana recovery potion. His mind raced as he initiated the Cursing Ritual, a familiar and proven technique he favored over the riskier Banishing Ritual.

Vicente seated himself upon a hastily conjured metal throne, fashioned from the scant resources available in the surrounding seawater. His transparent pentagrams materialized around him, while a cloak of darkness and a crown of light manifested, embodying his formidable powers.

Extending his hands, Vicente fought to ignore the all-consuming, burning agony that wracked his body from head to toe. He forced his blistered lips apart, his voice a raspy, hate-filled whisper interspersed with droplets of blood.

"Three Calamities: First, Magic Shrinkage!"

"Three Calamities: Second, Breath of Death!"

Vicente poured every ounce of his remaining strength into these curses, even as the spiritual toll pushed him closer to the brink of death. He knew it was a desperate gambit, but against this 8th stage peak serpent, anything less would mean certain doom.

Black and silver symbols materialized around the attacking creature, momentarily halting its charge. The serpent hung suspended in mid-air, a look of confusion and growing helplessness etched across its fearsome countenance.

Meanwhile, supernatural winds arose, appearing to be the start of a powerful sea storm. They passed through the scales of the creature's body, making it hesitate in front of the enemy it was attacking.

The serpent's vitality dropped by 30% in an instant, not enough to knock it down, but enough to shock it!

The enemy was just a newly promoted Grand Magus. How could he inflict so much damage on it after suffering so much to deal with the previous attack?

Mustering his last reserves of strength, Vicente completed his ritual, his voice barely a whisper as the creature struggled against the mounting curses.

"Three Calamities: Third, Dead of the Underworld!"

In response to his final incantation, small black portals materialized around Nan's ship. From these otherworldly gateways emerged skeletal fish, their obsidian bones glistening with an unholy light as they launched a coordinated attack against the serpent.

Most notably, a colossal skeleton serpent, wreathed in shadows, emerged and coiled itself around the enemy's tail. This unexpected assault forced the creature to look back, its relentless charge finally halted by indecision and the need to fend off these diabolical summons.

Vicente felt like he was going to pass out before he had a chance to see the outcome of the battle, when he wobbled to the side and fell. But before he sank into the water, Rex appeared and rescued him, taking him back to the ship.

The ship's Grand Magus emerged on deck, channeling defensive powers to bolster their protection. Meanwhile, the captain's voice rang out, urging his crew to push forward with all haste.

From the cockpit, Larissa's voice carried a note of hope. "We just need to maintain our course while it suffers under Vicente's curse. If we can manage that, we'll soon enter Amae's territorial waters!"

As they distanced themselves from the chaos, the once-mighty serpent thrashed against Vicente's summoned creatures. Its power, now diminished to that of a mere 5-Star Grand Magus, was a far cry from its former glory. The curse had leveled the playing field, giving Vicente's group a fighting chance at survival!

Chapter 1045 Amae (1)

The last stretch between Light Cay and Amae proved to be the most intense and dangerous part of Nan's group's entire journey.

Even the violent Fury of the Stars storm hadn't brought them as close to disaster as the late 8th stage beast that attacked them at the fish men's command.

After their brutal fight against Vicente's summoned creatures, the sea serpent continued its pursuit for hours, launching long-range attacks and wounding the Grand Magus, who protected their ship during this final approach to Amae's territorial waters.

But Vicente had succeeded in consuming the serpent's powers, weakening it and wounding it to the point that the creature's movements were not so decisive against the mere newly promoted Grand Magus of their crew.

Surely, those injured in this escape would need some rest and resources to recover. But they were not seriously affected, and no one died before the enemy deliberately gave up the hunt.

Creatures from the open sea were very powerful, but they didn't threaten the territorial seas of the islands, not even when they were as enraged as that creature.

As soon as they entered Amae's territorial sea, the group found themselves free of the serpent's pursuit, having only to deal with the enemy's last long-range attacks.

After completing this vital requirement, they finally sailed more smoothly, just four days away from docking on the east side of the great island of Amae.

Nan sighed in relief at surviving this perilous sea journey, while Larissa finally turned her attention to Vicente, wounded and unconscious.

Vicente was fine, though. He needed to sleep and rest; to feel the effects of the passage of time on his recovery and not rely on any more pills or potions. Larissa could see this just by looking at his face, and she wasn't worried about giving him artificial resources.

All that was going through her mind right now was how close they had come to death and what a combat monster he had become.

If it weren't for the huge difference in cultivation between Grand Magus and Sorcerers, she would honestly compare him to those 9th stage monsters. But Vicente showed the potential to one day rise higher and perhaps challenge those who dominated Anicane.

For now, Larissa was excited about the journey ahead, but she didn't naively think she could see it through without risk. Sooner or later, she might die alongside him or have to give up the fantastic journey with her friend in order to preserve her own existence!

But for the moment, she didn't want to think about that. She stayed by his side to look after Vicente, while listening to the ship's captain's messages informing her of the latest updates.

Their ship was in tatters. As soon as they docked in Amae, they could abandon the vehicle, as it had serious damage to its entire structure, enough to make it more expensive to repair than to buy a new one.

Fortunately, they could use what they had with them to keep going for the next few days. What's more, Nan's tribe's warlike artifacts were intact, enabling her to still complete the mission that had made her go to Light Cay earlier.

"Captain, take us home," said the fairy in the cockpit, looking forward hopefully after the arduous journey so far.

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Days later, Vicente woke up from his unconscious state, facing the reality that he had doubted for a few moments before his fall would happen.

Waking up after losing his strength in a fight against a stronger individual was something he wouldn't wish on anyone. The sensation of feeling disoriented and thinking he was in the hands of the enemy was terrifying.

But after the initial fright stemming from the memories of that day, Vicente heard from Larissa what had happened and how they were finally finishing their journey to Amae.

He sighed in relief as he lay in the bed he had been resting in since that day, feeling refreshed, with no marks from that day's combat left on his body.

Luckily, his regenerative powers were very strong. All the tissue burned by the serpent's acidic venom had regenerated, producing a new version of himself that was even stronger and more resistant to corrosive forces.

But his hair still needed time to grow. He was bald and without eyebrows or any other hair on his body.

He didn't mind that, though. His women were far away, and he wasn't looking for conquests.

Getting up from his bed, he wandered around the ship, coming across his wounded companions and immediately letting one of his skills kick in, healing the individuals who had ensured the group's successful escape after he fell.

His skills were at too advanced a level for all that crew to understand. Before he reached the cockpit and saw the island ahead, all the wounded on the ship had fully recovered.

"Vicente." Nan and his companions looked at him with proud gazes, indebted to what he had done, but also impressed by all the strength he had within him.

He smiled at them and told them to focus on the last part of their journey. Just ahead was Amae, an island as big as Light Cay, where they would arrive in less than three hours, as far as the devices in the cockpit revealed.

"We're arriving at our destination at last," he said with a smile on his face, touching on an important subject for them to talk about at the moment. "It's time for us to better understand the paths and options ahead of us. I intend to accompany you to your people's headquarters to ensure that you complete your mission. Only after that will I choose what steps to take next. But I want to start thinking more about the reality of your island."

They had already discussed many things about Amae during their months of travel together. But there were things that Nan and his companions saved for the last part of the journey, important things that they didn't know were worth telling Vicente and Larissa about without them being sure that they would actually dock in Amae.

Now that they were practically setting foot on the island, it was the best time for them to finish introducing the two of them to Amae's situation.

So the elf, the fairy, and the dwarf began their last speeches about their island and groups, taking advantage of the ultimate time until their arrival on the island to lay out decisive information that might convince Vicente of the paths available to them.

There were particularly three options open to him. To ally, to remain neutral, or to become something of an ally to an enemy of their joint forces!

Chapter 1046 Amae (2)

As the group slowly docked on Amae, at a secret port belonging to Nan's tribe, Vicente, and Larissa had just finished listening to the last bit of critical information Nan could give them to pique their interest.

The Fairy Tribe, Amae's dominant force, behind the reception of individuals from lower planes on this island, had dominated Amae from the very beginning. While in the island's distant past, there were no disputes, since when the Nine Paths were partially destroyed, and the current order established, the situation has changed, with rivals emerging to take over the power on the island.

The current war in Amae was a few levels above the competition situation in Light Cay, where the forces had not reached the point of openly attacking each other. Specialists were hunting down potential specialists or even others of a similar level in Light Cay, but it was all happening in the dead of night, secretly. In Amae, the situation was escalating on several levels, with forces acting in broad daylight to suppress the Fairy Tribe.

While the Fairy Tribe was the strongest on Amae, the enemy had formed such a large coalition that even the oldest and most powerful tribe on the island had no chance of defeating them alone. As a result, the fairies' two biggest allies, the elves and the dwarves, joined in the current fight, which is why Nan had advisors from these races, and why Amae hadn't fallen to one of the fairies' rivals.

Nan knew her tribe was still standing. Even though she had left several years ago, she knew her people's situation very well.

She had an ability connected to her people, which had been weakened in recent years, but strengthened as she got closer to her homeland. Now that the group's ship was parked at the tribe's wooden port, she knew her people were still persevering and understood that this was probably because of the alliances and urgent actions initiated by her people years ago.

As she had already told Vicente, her people were led by mid-level Grand Magus, the strongest on their island. Their enemies were of the same level or lower, but he shouldn't compare these Grand Magus with those from Light Cay.

While the magical beings of Light Cay had developed artificial methods of cultivation and anchored themselves in their technologies, the forces of Amae were more traditional, focused on magic and largely dependent on the individual powers of their inhabitants.

Nan ended her speech by inviting Vicente and Larissa once again, clarifying that the Fairy Tribe would welcome them and that they would have many possibilities if they joined them in the war. Not only that, they could either join as internal members of the tribe and enjoy the rights and responsibilities of such members, or even support them as external allies. The tribe would help them in one way or another in exchange for their strength.

It was at this point that the ship docked and the captain sighed, giving permission for the crew to disembark.

Vicente looked at this enchanted land, full of different flora and fauna, and said, "We'll accompany you until your group's weapons actually enter your territory. We'll issue our decision when we get there."

"Hmm, that's good," Nan said with a smile as she finally set foot on the terrain of her island.

"It's good to be back. Even though we have a war to fight, overcoming the challenges of the journey here and being in a place I know is indescribable," she said, opening her arms and feeling the natural elements welcoming her and inviting her into the interior of the island.

"Certainly..." Larissa left the ship and looked around with interest, noticing a concentration of mana and elements on the same level as Light Cay, but in a unique configuration, obviously helpful for those magic users with a more direct relationship with nature.

Individuals with more common powers would definitely feel strengthened just by stepping foot on the island.

The elements of water, wood, earth, air, and light were extremely strong there, and the land itself seemed to pulsate with vitality.

Vicente asked as he assessed the situation of the place for himself, "By the way, how many days away from your people are we now? You said that this port belongs to your people, but I imagine that you have several territories along the island."

"Indeed." Nan nodded. "We're in a secret area of my tribe. To get to headquarters, we'll have to travel for 20 days."

Larissa and Vicente were not surprised by her estimate. The island was at war and, as far as they knew, each island in Anicane was quite large.

Journeys of up to a few weeks were very common along each island of Anicane, even for powerful magical beings.

"Let's move on," she said as she got into her carriage when she saw that the whole group had finished disembarking, with the men having also removed the armaments that couldn't be transported in storage items.

The convoy began its journey slowly, with the animals pulling the wagons and carriages as they made cheerful sounds.

Rex walked alongside the guards and carriage animals, while Vicente traveled with Larissa, Nan, the dwarf, and the elf of the group in the same vehicle.

There was no one around where they arrived, so Vicente took advantage of the absence of temporary problems to plan.

"By the way, where do I find creatures with indigo and violet pentagrams on your island?" he asked the trio in front of him.

The elf said, "Do you want pentagrams for your two magical forms? I warn you, it won't be a good idea to hunt for your second power here. As much as we have good options for the light element, the island won't be the best place for you to hunt for that kind of pentagram.

Light is a rare element, after all. Even on our island, there aren't many magical creatures with indigo pentagrams, so violet will be almost impossible to find here."

"I just want the pentagram for my other magical form," Vicente replied, already aware that he would have to go to an island with Sorcerers if he wanted a violet pentagram.

The dwarf smiled and said, "In that case, it might be interesting for you to visit my tribe. We dwarves have a great affinity with elements such as fire, earth, and lightning. Because of this, we live in areas rich in these elements, where you'll find creatures such affinities.

But it's the same situation as Garnot said. Violet pentagrams are rare on our island. If you want a good indigo pentagram, we can get you one. But violet, I'm afraid this isn't the place for it."

"Hmm, indigo is fine for now," Vicente said, keen to first get to know the type of creature in this domain and see if he could find any good skills.

He wasn't in a hurry, so he carried on without a decision on the matter, although he promised Hervi that he would go to the Dwarf Tribe.

And so began their journey through Amae!

Chapter 1047 War's Destruction

Two days of travel were enough for Vicente and Larissa to understand the war in Amae.

Unlike the fighting in Light Cay, which took place in secluded places, without the battles ever reaching the masses, the situation in Amae was completely out in the open.

They passed through two battlefields in these few days of travel, seeing not only areas devastated by the fighting of those involved in the conflict, but also many bodies and even wounded survivors.

Those involved in the war didn't seem at all concerned with hiding the trails of death they had been leaving across Amae, turning what had been a natural paradise until recently into a boiling battlefield.

The wounded were simply left behind to die slowly or even to survive and carry the message of what would happen to them to the island's tribes.

There were no cities in Amae. The island comprised tribes and free regions, where weaker tribes would gather in the same area, but each had its own territory and hardly interacted with each other so that there was a need for cities.

The island's economy was also quite rudimentary, with barter being the most widely used method of trade on Amae, without the existence of a common currency useful throughout the island.

This was one reason why the island was so difficult for those who didn't have a side, but also why the current war was so brutal.

Vicente felt as if he was traveling through one area dominated only by Polaris Realm beasts, where situations similar to Amae's could be seen before The Purification.

In particular, the forces in areas like Majestic Treefrog Grove lived in peace for most of the time, but now and then in the history of Polaris Realm there have been major wars in these forest regions, with situations similar to Amae's developing.

When magical beings so far apart in different territories fought, things could get bloody and destructive very quickly!

Humans were no better, Vicente knew that. But perhaps living in the same cities and having their loved ones share similar environments to their enemies prevented humans from fighting on such a ridiculous scale.

In that sense, he thought that the humans of Polaris Realm and the magicians of Light Cay were superior to the natives of Amae.

But this wasn't his home, and he didn't have anyone who really mattered to him living in Amae. For Vicente, the surrounding situation at the moment was nothing more than an opportunity for him to grow and, to a lesser extent, entertainment even.

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On the fourth day of the group's journey, they were passing through a region that had lost all its plants and now presented a flat muddy terrain that stretched for hundreds of square kilometers.

Amid this extremely hot and humid area, the group traveling in carriages and wagons towards the Fairy Tribe could see parts of the area flooded with drowned bodies here and there.

Meanwhile, others like them were traveling through the area, a sight not as unusual as one might imagine.

The last few days of the journey weren't all about sightings of war wounded. On more than a dozen occasions, the group had spotted creatures traveling in groups.

According to Garnot, after battles were over, it was common for those not involved in the fighting near the battlefield to move, often making retreats of their entire tribes to different areas.

To a lesser extent, allies of the winners or losers of these battles would move into the area to withdraw their troops or even advance against the domains in front of the defeated territories.

Being an island divided into territories, each major battle should take important territories from enemy tribes and thus suffocate their enemies not only militarily, but also in other ways.

There was no well-developed commerce on the island, but there was trade. Preventing a force from moving its resources through certain areas, or even one from taking valuable mines for that enemy tribe, could greatly affect the fate of a war.

In short, on several occasions, the group came across the movements of large groups—three to five times the size of their own—while traveling.

But they didn't have to fight until then. Most of the travelers they encountered were beings too preoccupied with their own destinies to worry about a strange group like theirs.

Meanwhile, everyone in Nan's group continued to wear the special armor Vicente had created for them and hid the symbols in their vehicles.

Unless one came close to their group, realizing that they were part of one of the most complicated tribes today would be almost impossible.

That was changing, however.

As the group traveled through the muddy terrain, Nan continued to look out of the window of her vehicle, her gaze not at all pretty. She had been feeling strange for the last hour and now she was displaying behavior that caught Vicente's attention.

Seeing how she was swinging one of her legs and biting the nails of one of her hands, Vicente sighed and left his vehicle.

One thing he had learned about Nan's behavior—probably from fairies in general—was that whenever something bad was about to happen, she seemed to act out of the ordinary.

He didn't need to ask the fairy in the group what was bothering her. He left the carriage and sat above the vehicle, signaling for Rex and the group's guards to continue on their way, as they had planned.

"Vicente?" Larissa asked, having already noticed the same as her partner to understand that trouble was approaching them.

"I'm just getting ready in case something happens. Don't worry, I'll keep the group safe. Just stay with Nan and the others for now."

The dwarf and elf of the group appeared next to Vicente, while Larissa agreed as she continued in the vehicle.

"A Water Elemental did the damage you're seeing," said the dwarf, as he recognized the magical fluctuation remaining in the area. "That probably wasn't the first battle that resulted in this desolate place. But it was certainly a Water Elemental that was here."

"Was? I feel like they still are," said the elf as he felt the hairs on his body stand up in alarm at the enemy's presence.

Vicente scanned the terrain, soon finding something in front of their path.

Chapter 1048 Confronted by Enemies

A few kilometers ahead of Vicente's group, seven individuals, six of them a little further back and one of them in front, were blocking the way.

Around them, the surrounding water floated and trembled on the ground, while their bodies gave off a bluish glow and were also somewhat transparent.

They resembled humans, but had body motes reminiscent of fairies, with diminutive size and various crystal-like structures scattered around their bodies—on their hands, foreheads, elbows, and knees.

They wore pale clothes that seemed to be made of plants and had extremely strong auras, the kind that felt like you would drown just by standing against them, even far from any body of water.

"Water Elementals," said the elf as he formed an ugly expression on his face, looking specifically at the elemental warrior furthest ahead of the group on their path, a 3-Star Grand Magus.

"Is there any chance that this is a trap?" Vicente asked as the group's carriages slowed down.

It seemed too much of a coincidence that a member of an enemy tribe of the fairy coalition was parked on the very path they were following after returning to the island.

The dwarf said firmly, "Nothing is impossible, but it would be unlikely. Surely the fairies know we're in Amae again, but we haven't tried to communicate with anyone and we haven't passed any official enemies in the last few days of our journey."

"But it's possible." Confirmed the elf on the other side.

"That complicates things a bit, but we'll sort it out." Vicente signaled for the group to continue while he stood in the middle of their convoy.

Part of him was worried. A local 3-Star Grand Magus differed greatly from those in Light Cay. But another part of him wanted to try out his current powers.

The serpent they faced was not a good opponent. It was simply too strong, not only because of its high cultivation, but also because of its powerful advantage in the sea. Those opponents ahead, a 3-Star Grand Magus, two 2-Star and four 1-Star Grand Magus, were better suited to someone like Vicente.

He wasn't sure how well he would fare against them, but he should stand a good chance against the group so as not to put his life in danger. The question was, would he be able to kill them? Would he be able to stop them from acting against Nan's group?

While Vicente was looking at the Water Elementals, the creatures native to the area, enemies of the Fairy Tribe, saw that the enemy group passing by had some foreigners among them.

"A human?" One of the Water Elementals asked, his gaze focused on Vicente.

"He has a strong affinity with light," said the strongest individual, a man with long blue hair, standing in front of the group. "He's not weak. Be vigilant." He warned as he stared with narrowed eyes at the black-haired boy floating in the middle of the convoy.

After a few moments, the two groups were at a distance where each other's voices could reach them. Almost immediately, the leader of the elementals there opened his mouth, speaking toward the enemy leader in the area.

"Princess Nan, it seems you've just returned from Light Cay," said the man, recognizing the technological tools of the chariots and armor of the guards in Nan's group. "I see you've become a Grand Magus... I wonder, was that by the artificial methods of the natives of that island, or by your original power Amae gave you at birth?"

It would be dishonorable to use the method of the weak." He finished with a disgusted tone as he looked at Vicente.

Nan continued in her carriage in silence. Talking to the enemy had little or no potential to help them. She left the situation under Vicente's control, both because he was the strongest one there and because she didn't want to interfere with his decision.

She didn't want to and couldn't drag him into her problems. She had to let him make up his own mind, or she would suffer the punishments of the agreement she had made with him.

Vicente didn't expect an answer from Nan and asked the man, "What do you want from my group?"

"Your group?" The almost 1.5 meter tall Water Elemental, one of the largest of his kind, asked with narrowed eyes. "Are you in charge of this group, human?" He asked in disbelief.

He could sense that Vicente wasn't simple. One advantage of being an elemental was the great affinity with mana and the elements, which resulted in strong growth, a strong magical foundation, and the ability to understand the world around them. But he wasn't omnipotent and couldn't say how strong Vicente was.

Vicente nodding positively as the leader of a fairy group was impressive even for someone special.

Fairies were not simple creatures. They had practically supreme talents, which made them naturally arrogant and extremely difficult to negotiate with. It was no coincidence that one of Amae's most talented races, the elves, had long since been dominated by fairies. Meanwhile, high-level rivals had fallen one by one throughout the island's history.

Vicente said, "You speak to Vicente Fuller, Stonewall Core Disciple. As a representative of a sect allied to the Fairy Tribe, I will escort Miss Nan's group to her territory. I don't wish to get involved in a war with your group, but I won't hesitate to clear the way with your bodies."

As Vicente spoke, he used his decorative sword to show only a few centimeters of the weapon's blade, while a trail of absolute darkness departed from his weapon.

The Water Elemental at the front of the enemy group almost took a step backwards when he sensed Vicente's darkness, an obscurity even stronger than the light he had noticed a moment before.

He hadn't noticed the darkness. Amae was not an island known for its richness in the element of darkness, in fact, it was a place poor in it. But even so, Vicente showed a pressure that made some of the weaker elementals feel as if something had stolen the light from their eyes and enveloped them in a dark fog.

'Don't tell me that's a dual magician?' The strongest elemental there understood a lot about magical laws and knew that it was entirely possible for someone like Vicente to exist. 'That's complicated. Dual magicians usually have absurd power. Maybe he's not our opponent.'

An interesting characteristic of Water Elementals was their rational and calm demeanor.

Seeing a new variable emerge, that man took a step back and asked, "You said you're part of Stonewall, right? So you're just business partners, Light Cay expert! There's no need for you and my group to fight. Go your way in peace. Our target is only Princess Nan!"

"I'm afraid that won't do."

Chapter 1049 Water Elementals

Faced with the refusal of a boy with strong negative powers, the Water Elementals stiffened, their expressions freezing at Vicente's deep gaze in their direction.

"Are you willing to go to war with the Water Elemental Tribe?" One of them asked, his voice torn with negative emotions, obviously preparing for combat.

"As I said, this group is my friends and I will escort them back to their territory. If you insist on standing in our way, I'm afraid we'll have no choice but to fight."

As he spoke, Vicente let more of his powers escape from his body, materializing the Throne of Darkness, while, one by one, his indigo and cyan pentagrams showed themselves.

The Water Elementals understood better why this human was so different from the others they had seen or heard of. But they remained motionless, while each of them circulated their mana, also showing their pentagrams.

Unlike humans and other magical beings capable of hunting pentagrams, Water Elementals, like Fairies and Elves, only had one pentagram of origin and could not add more essences to themselves.

But each of those individuals were Grand Magus and a single pentagram for them was worth as much as or even more than a whole set of magicians.

They all had indigo pentagrams, with only the strongest, 3-Star, having some violet symbols and lines in his magical essence. Vicente beat his opponent in this regard, however. Apart from the last pentagram he had absorbed in Light Cay, all the other indigo pentagrams had very distinct violet symbols and lines, demonstrating their proximity to the next qualitative level.

"Then I'm afraid we'll have to test the powers of this expert from Light Cay!" said the strongest elemental before moving at the same time as his race-mates, launching a barrage of similar attacks against Nan's group.

Vicente smiled as he saw the mud water leave the ground and join the growing floating water around those individuals, quickly turning the air into a sea lump, reaching him and making him feel as if he had just entered an aquatic dimension.

He felt solid blue currents forming around his limbs, as harpoons and tridents attacked him from different sides.

'That's interesting,' he thought as he felt unable to escape the aquatic grasp of these creatures, flashing his mana to adapt his airways. As he did so, black holes appeared around the parts of his body where the enemies' chains and weapons would hit him.

The Water Elementals moved to act against Nan while his major efforts acted against Vicente.

In the middle of their path, however, they saw and felt the enemy being pierced by their attacks without showing any injury.

"What?" One of them asked himself in shock as she took control of her ice harpoon again.

Then, just as this woman was about to repeat her attack, her shadow seemed to solidify, with a diabolical figure forming behind her, trapping her bodily limbs.

The ground in the area shook strongly as several metallic blades covered in darkness emerged from the ground, cutting through the water and leaving trails visible to all those directly or indirectly involved in this combat.

Vicente frowned as he saw his blades lose strength and precision as they traveled through the water, noticing a weakness that he hadn't yet noticed in his power. But he didn't let it get to him and adapted to the situation when he saw he wouldn't be able to affect his enemies that way.

A giant bolt of lightning formed in the sky, breaking through the darkness of the surroundings and striking the water at specific points.

But this was no ordinary water. There were no mineral salts in it and this attempt to electrocute his opponents failed terribly.

This, however, was not the last of Vicente's attempts. As the enemies came closer to reaching Nan, he finally managed to affect them, turning aside their attacks to use the electromagnetic fields in the area to drive them away and the element of water itself enveloping them.

All the elementals felt an intense repulsive force act against them, preventing them from advancing any closer to Nan, while weakening them by dispersing the super-concentrated water element in that place.

The 3-Star Grand Magus was the only one who showed any resistance against Vicente and quickly noticed that if he didn't act against his opponent, all his allies would fall.

He crossed the space by means of a domain skill, appearing at the back of where Vicente was sitting on his throne, attacking at close range with a large blue axe.

Vicente looked away, feeling minimally threatened for the first time in this fight. 'That's a special ability.' He thought as he moved one of his hands as if to defend himself.

The enemy continued forward, doubting that his target would protect himself with bare hands.

In the next second, he saw a golden glow emerge from Vicente's fingertips, shooting straight into his eyes like extremely bright arrows flying at him.

He showed an expression of pain as he closed his eyes and moved his head a little to the side, losing precious milliseconds that were enough for Vicente to move and appear behind him.

"Your attack is powerful. It could hurt me. But only if it hits me." Vicente's voice sounded inside the elemental's head, as a black weapon pierced through the blue, semi-transparent figure, imbuing darkness into its magical essence.

The strongest Water Elemental in the area immediately emitted a darker color throughout its body, expressing deep horror a moment before one of Vicente's hands touched the back of its head.

"Formidable. But you're not my opponent," Vicente said, the last words the Water Elemental heard before its existence exploded, with a dark blue mixture of a viscous liquid spreading through the surroundings.

The elemental water in the vicinity dissipated, returning to the upper atmosphere or the ground, while only the weakest Grand Magus remained, suppressed by Vicente's electromagnetic powers.

Vicente had used up more than half his strength to protect his group and act against the enemies, finally getting the upper hand. But instead of finishing his opponents, he whistled and ordered Rex to move against some of the weaker elementals.

"Defeat them for me." He ordered as he sat back down on the Throne of Darkness, while giving those creatures a chance to try and communicate with reinforcements.

His sensory ability came into play as Rex acted, making him notice how premeditated the enemy group's actions had been there today.

Chapter 1050 Water Essences

'It was nothing more than a mere coincidence, after all,' Vicente thought to himself, exhaling a deep, contemplative sigh. His piercing gaze swept across the battlefield, observing Rex and his comrades as they engaged in a fierce struggle against the remaining Water Elementals.

Earlier, Vicente had entertained the possibility that these elemental foes had orchestrated a premeditated attack, specifically targeting Nan. However, by employing his extraordinary sensory abilities—a gift that allowed him to intercept and decipher message transmissions—he had unraveled the truth behind their presence. The group of Water Elementals, as it turned out, had

found themselves in this vicinity following a recent battle. Their appearance was not, as he had suspected, a calculated move against Nan.

Vicente's mind raced back to when he had eliminated the leader of the elemental group. He had made a strategic decision to allow the remaining elementals to advance, placing them squarely in the crosshairs of Rex and the others. It was then that Vicente's keen senses had picked up on the elementals' frantic distress call.

As the battle raged on, with the elementals desperately trying to escape while simultaneously defending themselves and launching counterattacks, Vicente eavesdropped on their communications. Through these intercepted messages, he pieced together a clearer picture of their circumstances. This group of Water Elementals had just concluded an intense battle in the area and were in the process of recuperating when they had spotted Nan's group.

Upon realizing that Nan's party was affiliated with the fairy coalition, the elemental group had made the decision to postpone their departure.

However, Vicente noted with interest that this enemy group seemed to have lacked the time or opportunity to alert any nearby reinforcements about the unfolding situation. His ability to intercept messages proved invaluable once more as he listened to the exchanges between the embattled elementals and their distant allies.

Through these, Vicente learned a crucial piece of information: the nearest group of elemental reinforcements was located several hundred kilometers away.

Even if they were to travel at their maximum speed, it would take them a considerable amount of time to reach the battlefield!

As well as indicating that they could leave without worrying about subsequent fighting, this confirmed that there could be no enemies in their way who could have handed over the group's position to more opponents.

Even if the enemies were now aware of the elementals' problems, that wasn't a problem.

'Time to end this.'

Before the opponents clarified that this was the latest location of Nan and the fairies' new armaments, Vicente acted. He materialized his electromagnetic powers, cutting off communication between the Water Elementals still fighting and distant enemies.

Now, unlike earlier, he paralyzed those already weakened and surrounded individuals. He gave Rex and the others the opportunity to finish them, without even having to worry about delivering the final blow.

Rex, the dwarf, and the elf acted together, killing the last elementals in their own way, causing them to explode and disappear from this world.

Along with the elementals, the nearby water also disappeared, leaving only a few traces on the area's already muddy ground.

Vicente breathed a sigh of relief as he returned to the group's carriage. His magical forms had disappeared, leaving the entire area free of his influence.

Only the silence of the tired warriors and the guards, who had narrowly avoided death in this attack, ended the situation.

"Princess, huh?" Vicente asked Nan with a smile.

"That's just a detail," she said as she took a deep breath. "Thank you for protecting me. If it hadn't been for you, I think my group would have perished and I would have become a hostage of the elementals."

"Don't worry about it." He looked at the surroundings, seeing that the group was already moving again. "Now we have to worry about our departure. The allies of today's opponents don't know who we are, but they do know that a group strong enough to defeat those elementals has acted here. They will come after us."

The elf and the dwarf returned to the inside of the carriage, listening to Vicente's words.

"We'll get away from them," said the dwarf. "As hard as it is to deal with opponents tracking us, escaping from opponents who don't have our tracks yet isn't that difficult. Our group will disappear to the opponents in a few minutes, Senior Vicente."

As the dwarf said it, wiping the sweat from his brow, the elf handed Vicente what was left of the elementals.

"These are water essences," said the elf as he handed over blue gems and the storage items of those dead creatures. "Water essences are only produced by Water Elementals. They can be used by magical beings with an affinity for the water element to raise their magical quality and strength."

"Oh?" Vicente had never seen anything like that before.

But that wasn't strange. Elementals existed practically only in Amae.

"They won't be of any use to you, but they are precious. Maybe you can find someone who has essences of lightning, light, darkness, or earth and they'd be willing to trade with you." Nan continued with Garnot's explanation.

"Unfortunately, I don't have anything like that, otherwise I'd help you with a trade," Hervi said with a sympathetic look at Vicente.

But just getting the water essences was good enough for him. Before, he hadn't even considered that he could win something like that!

'Unfortunately, Larissa and Rex don't have an elemental affinity for water... But I'll do as you suggested. I'll find someone to exchange for other essences.'

He thanked the group, but didn't offer them any of those essences. Even though some of them had actively killed some elementals, these were spoils that belonged only to him.

Vicente had grown up enough to know how to assume the position of expert and leader and was soon thinking about the possibilities of their path, with the convoy of carriages back on the move.

The group would soon enter a silent state of their journey, leaving the previous battlefield and entering another area of Amae on their journey to the main territory of the Fairy Tribe.

Over the next few hours, no other incidents would occur on the group's way, allowing them to travel until nightfall without worry.

In the middle of the night, they would stop to camp and rest, where they would spend the remaining hours until dawn, when they would return to the road again.